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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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The Soldiers of the Past.

Strew garlands o'er their mouldered clay
The men of days gone by.
In hallowed ground they rest to-day
Beneath the summer sky.
No stain was on the flag they bore
These men who wore the blue,
And proudly did the eagle soar
Above the ranks so true.

None blush to-day for any deed
Done by those hero bands,
The men of every race and creed
Who gave their hearts and hands.
No blood-red stain of murder done
Rest on their banners now,
Each dreams of peace o'er victories won
Where valor kept its vow.

Let fairest garlands deck each grave,
Let hands so tender lay
The garden's treasures o'er our brave,
This blest Memorial day.
No tears for them, but tears of shame
For what the living do,
Whose deeds have blurred the Nation's
fame,
To which these dead were true.

The bugle call can never wake
One warrior from his sleep,
But would to God its blast could make
The living vigil keep;
Lest sons in slothful rest forget
The sacrificial ways
In which their hero fathers met
The Nation's darkest days.

The Singaree in Sunflower Bay.

BY LLOYD OSBOURNE.

It was the Sandfly, Capt. Toombs, that brought the news to Sydney and intercepted her majesty's third-class cruiser Singaree, as she lay in Man-of-War Cove, with her boats hoisted in and a deck load of coal as high as her bulwarks, on the eve of a long trip into the western Pacific. It was the same old story—another white man sent to his last account in the inhospitable Solomons, where if the climate does not kill you the black man soon will: "Thomas Hysslop Biggar, commonly known as 'Capt. Tom,' aged 46; British subject; occupation, trader in coprah; place of residence, Sunflower Bay, Island of Guadalcanar; murdered by the natives in September, 1888, between the seventh and the twenty-fourth and his station looted and burned." There was trouble in store for Sunflower Bay; they had killed Collins in 1884, and Caseroles, the Frenchman, in 1887, and had drawn upon themselves an ominous attention by firing into the Meg Merrilies in the course of the same year. Murder was becoming too frequent in Sunflower Bay, and Capt. Casement, while policing those sweltering seas, was asked to "conduct an inquiry into the alleged murder of T. H. Biggar, and take what punitive measures he judged to be necessary."

After a roundabout cruise through the pleasant groups of Fiji, Tongataboo and Samoa, with little to occupy him save official dinners, tennis parties, and an occasional dance ashore, Capt. Casement headed his ship for the wild western islands and pricked out a course for Sunflower Bay.

There was no visible beach, for the mangroves ran to the water's edge, save where it had been partially cleared away by the man whose murder they had come to avenge; nor did the closest scrutiny with the glass betray any telltale smoke or the least sign of habitation. Capt. Casement surveyed the place with his keen, practiced eyes, and the longer he looked the less he liked it. The desolation jarred upon his nerves, and his heart fell a little as the blow-hole burst hoarsely under the ship's quarter, and the everlasting breakers on the outer reef drowned their note of menace and alarm.

"Goodness gracious!" he said, in his abrupt, impatient fashion, as he stood beside Facey on the bridge and superintended the laying of the keedge. "I don't half like the look of it, Mr. Facey; it's a damned nasty-looking place."

"Am I to go, sir?" asked the lieutenant.

"Yes," said Casement. "You must take Pickthorn and 25 men in the first cutter. Send Burder in the second, with 20 more, to cover your landing. And for God's sake, Facey, keep cool, and neither get flustered nor overfriendly! Don't shoot unless you have to; and always remember they are the most treacherous savages in the world. Be gentle and firm, and do every-

thing with as little fuss and as great a show of confidence as you can."

"All right, sir," said Facey. Half an hour later, Facey, with 25 well-armed men, had vanished into the mangroves. Hour after hour passed and brought never a sound from the melancholy woods.

Just as things were looking desperate and all began to fear the very worst, a sudden shout roused the ship, and the shore party, noisy and triumphant, were seen streaming down to the beach. A few moments later the two boats pulled slowly off to the ship, Facey's company the richer by a black man, whose costume consisted of little more than the ropes he was bound with. A thundering cheer hailed them as they swept under the stern and drew up at the starboard gangway, and Facey was soon reporting himself on the bridge.

"Well, how did you make out?" asked the captain.

"Landed at the trader's house," began Facey, "followed a path that led inland, and reached some Kanaka huts. Not a soul in 'em; clean gone, every man jack. Followed along a well beaten path which led us into the next bay, bearing north-northeast half-east, keeping the liveliest lookout all the time. Three miles along we ran into another village, chock a block with niggers. It looked a nasty go; lots of guns and spears, and everybody pretty skittish, kind of they would and they wouldn't! I recollected your orders and went slow: you know what I mean, sir—worked off the presents, and smoked my pipe leisurely. By and by they came round, tricky as the devil, on to make friends or to eat us alive; whichever seemed the more promising. I let out what I wanted, and bit by bit found out that all the Sunflower Bay crowd were there, even to old Jiberik, the chief—him Toombs said was the biggest scoundrel of the lot. He looked pretty sick and knew mighty well what we were after. I tacked broadsides to that old man, and put it to him that he had better give up the chaps who had killed the trader than waltz back to the ship and be shot instant—himself—for some-body had to go, I said; and just as soon as I got the old codger alongside of me I gave him to understand that he was my bird, and kept my cocked pistol pointed at his belly. After no end of a fuss, and lots of frothing and loud talk, with things looking precious ugly now and again, we ended by coming out on top. Then they dragged along a young nigger named Billy, a returned labor-boy from the Queensland plantations, they said, and handed him over to me as the murderer."

"You've done well, Mr. Facey," said Casement, as his lieutenant drew to a close, "and I tell you the story shan't lose when I report it to the admiral. You had better go now and get your clothes off," he added.

Facey jumped to his feet. "I am sure I am awfully obliged to you, sir," he said.

"Ugh, that's all right," said Casement, in his testy way. "What have you done with the prisoner?"

"Turned him over to the sergeant for safekeeping, sir," returned officer.

"Leg-irons?" asked Casement.

"Leg-irons, handcuffs and a dog-chain," returned Facey, with a grin. "He's cost too much to take any chances of his getting off."

The first thing next morning, old Jiberik was brought aboard with his two companions. He was a disgusting old gorilla of a man with a hairy chest and a bolt, leering eye—a mere scarecrow of humanity, of a type incredibly cruel and debased.

Four bells was the time set for the court martial; at nine o'clock Casement sent for Facey and told him he must prepare to defend the prisoner.

"Burder will prosecute for the Queen," he said. "Pickthorn will act as clerk. Sennett, Roche and I will compose the court."

The first lieutenant was overcome. "I don't think I can, sir," he said feebly. "I never did such a thing in my life; I wouldn't know where to begin, or to leave off, for that matter."

"You can leave off when we hang your prisoner," Casement returned,

with his bull-doggish air. "Of course, it's all a damned farce," he went on. "Somebody's got to act for the nigger; it's printed that way in the book."

"Billy," said Facey, "they are going to make judge and jury for you by and by; and I am to 'talky-talky' for you."

"All same Queensland," returned Billy. "May the Lord have mercy on your sinful soul!"

Facey was stupefied. "Where in thunder did you learn that?" he demanded.

"Oh, me savvy too much," said Billy.

"Now, see here," said the lieutenant. "You didn't kill that trader?"

"Yes, I kill him," said Billy cheerfully.

"You did?" cried the other.

"White fellow no good; I kill him," said the prisoner.

"If you tell that to the captain he'll shoot you," said Facey. If the prisoner was to be defended he was going to give him all the help he could.

The black boy looked distressed and nodded a forlorn assent.

"You'll be a big fool to say that," said Facey.

"White fellow no good; I kill him," repeated Billy.

"You unmitigated idiot, you'll do for yourself," cried the lieutenant, angrily. "What's the good of my talking for you if you can't stand up yourself?"

At ten o'clock the court martial was assembled on the quarter-deck. The captain, with his brawny shoulders thrown forward, and his hands deep in his trouser pockets, had all the air of a man in the throes of indignation. On either side of him were Sennett and Roche; and in front, beside a table covered with a flag, was Pickthorn, with a clerkly outfit and a Bible. Billy stood in chains beside a couple of marines, looking extremely depressed. The old gorillas, their filthy kilts bulging with what they had begged or pilfered, were in charge of the sergeant, who had all he could do to prevent their spitting on the deck.

Facey was the first one sworn. He deposed as to the capture and identity of the prisoner. Then Billy was led up to the table and told to plead.

"Kiss the book and say whether you murdered the trader or not," said the captain.

"White fellow no good; I kill him," quavered the prisoner.

"Pleads guilty," said Casement to the clerk.

"What did you do it for?" demanded the court.

Billy reiterated his stock phrase, "Take him away," said the captain.

Jiberik was the next witness. He kissed the book as though it were his long-lost brother, and looked almost unabashed enough to beg it of Pickthorn. I shall not weary the reader with his labored English, that lingua Franca of the isles which in the western Pacific is known as Beach da Mar. He told a pretty plain story: Billy and the trader had always been on bad terms. One night, crazy with palm-toddy, Billy had sneaked down to Cap. Tom's house and shot him through the body as he was reading a book at supper. As to the subsequent burning and looting of the station the old savage was none so clear, sheltering himself in the unintelligibility of which he was a master.

Then rose Burder for the Queen. He was a cheery youngster, with pink cheeks, a glib tongue and no end of assurance.

"I don't propose to waste the time of the honorable court," he began; "but if ever there was a flat-footed, self-confessed murderer, I would say it is the dusky gentleman in the dock. The blood of Biggar cries aloud for vengeance, and it would be a shame if it cried in vain," he said.

"Stick to the prisoner," cried the court.

"I bow to correction, sir," went on Burder. "I say again, this is no time for half-measures; and I say that Sunflower Bay will be a better place to live in without Mr. Billy. I leave it to the honorable court, with every confidence, to vindicate justice in these islands by condemning the prisoner to the extreme

penalty of the law. The case for the Queen is closed, gentlemen."

"I believe you appear for the defense, Mr. Facey?" said Casement, as the Queen's prosecutor took his seat.

"I do, sir," returned the first lieutenant, nervously.

"I should like to say, first of all," he began, "that I will not cross-examine these dirty old savages who have given evidence against my client. I quite agree with everything my honorable friend has said regarding them, and I cannot think that the court will attach undue importance to any evidence they may have given. We've been told that the Kanakas are losing all respect for whites, and that if we don't take some strong measures there will be the end to pay in these islands. Perhaps there will be; but is that British justice we're so proud of, or is it fair play, gentlemen, to the unfortunate wretch who is trembling before you? From what I've seen of the whites in this group, I can say emphatically that I'm in a line with the Kanakas."

Now as to this: What is there against him but his own confession? and that, I beg leave to point out, ought not to be taken as conclusive. As like as not he is the scapegoat for the whole bay, and has been coaxed up to tell this story under the screw. Just look one moment at old Jib there, and see how his friends wither when his eyes fall their way. For all we know to the contrary, his gibberish and click-click may be to the tune of 'Billy, you son of a gun, I'll cut you into 40 pieces, or day you alive if you don't stick to what I've told you.' After all, what have we learned from Billy? Nothing more than this: 'White fellow no good; I kill him.' Is that what anybody would call a full confession? Does it give any clew or any details as to the motive or the carrying out of this murder? It may be, indeed, that Billy is a monomaniac with a confirmed delusion that he has killed Biggar; the court may smile, but I think I am right in stating that such things have occurred and have even led to miscarriages of justice in the past. I tell you, gentlemen, I believe it was the whole blooming bay that killed Biggar, and that Billy was just as guilty or just as innocent as the rest. And there is one thing I feel mortal sure about: That if we take the prisoner outside the heads we will soon get the gag off his mouth, and learn a good deal more about this ugly business. Under old Jib's searchlight he's got to keep a close lip; but take him out to sea, and I answer for it he won't be so reticent."

A dead silence fell upon the court when Facey drew his case to a close and resumed his seat. Nothing could be heard but the scratching of Pickthorn's pen and the reverberating growl of the blow-hole as it fretted and fumed within for the screaming blast which was soon to follow. Casement rapped his hands deeper into his pockets, gnawed his tawny mustache, and protruded his chin. At last, with a start, he awoke from his reverie, and barked out:

"Mr. Sennett, as the youngest member, it is for you to speak first."

"I think he's guilty, sir," said Sennett.

Casement turned his quick glance on Roche.

"Same here," said the doctor.

"The finding of the court," said the captain after another pause, "is that the prisoner Billy is guilty of the murder of T. H.—what's his name?—Biggar, at Sunflower Bay, on the blank day of September, 1888, and is condemned to be shot as an example to the island. Sentence to be deferred until I get the ship back from New Ireland, where I've to look into that Carbutt business and the outrage at MacCarthy's inlet, on the chance of the prisoner making a further confession and implicating others in his crime. The court is dismissed."

"Beg pardon, sir," said Pickthorn, looking up from his writing as the others rose to their feet.

"What am I to call the case—the Queen versus Billy what?"

"Billy nothing," said the captain, savagely. "Call him William Pickthorn if you think it sounds better."

The verdict of the court was explained to Jiberik, and the old

rogue and his pair of friends were landed in the cove, the boat returning to find the ship with anchor weighed and the loosened sails flapping on the yards. In a few minutes she was steaming out to sea, and every one grew confident that Billy's tongue would soon wag as he saw Sunflower Bay dwindle behind him. But the dogged savage stuck to his tale; he had but one reply to all inquiries, to all probing and pumping for further particulars of the murder. On his side the conversation began and ended with: "White fellow no good; I kill him."

On other topics he could be drawn out at will, and proved himself a most tractable, sweet-tempered, and far from unintelligent fellow. The men got to like him immensely, keeping him in perpetual tobacco and providing him with more grog than was quite good for him. In the fore-castle it was rank heresy to call him a murderer or to express any doubts regarding his innocence. He became at once the pet and the mystery of the ship, and his canvas call the rallying point for all the little gayeties on board. He played cards well, was an apt pupil on the accordion, and at checkers he was the master of the ship! And he not only beat you, but he beat you handsomely, shaking hands before and after the event, like a prize fighter in the ring.

Billy's artless ways and boundless good humor had won the whole wardroom to his side; and his grim determination to die, at once bewildered and exasperated every soul on board. The strange spectacle offered of a hundred men at work to persuade their prisoner to recall his damning confession, and on pins and needles to save him from a fate he himself seemed not to fear.

"White fellow no good; I kill him,"

Then old Quinn got after him—wild-eyed, tangle-haired old Quinn, the gunner, who was half cracked on religion. He prayed and blubbered beside the wretched boy, overwhelming him with red-hot appeals and perverted oratory. Billy became an instant convert, and got to love old Quinn as a dog his master.

"White fellow no good; I kill him,"

As the days passed, and the ship made her way from bay to bay, from island to island, in the course of her policing cruise among those lawless whites and more than savage blacks, the captain grew desperate with the problem of Billy. They all said that Casement looked ten years older, and that something would soon happen to the "old man" if Billy did not soon skip out; and the "old man" showed all the desire in the world to bring about so desirable a consummation.

Then the captain determined upon new measures. He passed a hint to Facey, and Facey passed it to the mess, and the mess to the blue-jackets, that they were making things too comfortable for their prisoner. For a while Billy's easy life came to an abrupt conclusion. His best friends began to kick and cuff him without mercy. He was rope's ended by the bo'sun's mate, and the cook threw boiling water over his naked skin. The boy's heart almost broke at this, and he went about dejected and unhappy for the first time since he had come aboard. But no harsh usage, no foul words, could drive him to desert. It was on the bridge, to Facey, when the ship had just dropped anchor in Port McGuire, not fifty miles from Sunflower Bay.

"Mr. Facey," he said, "send Mr. Burder ashore with an armed party; tell him just to show himself a bit and come off again."

"Yes, sir," said Facey.

"I am thinking they might take that fellow Billy to translate for them," he went on, shamefacedly.

The first lieutenant turned to go. "Hold on," said the captain, suddenly lowering his voice and drawing his subordinate close to him.

"Just you pass it on to Burder that I wouldn't skin him alive—you know what I mean—if—well, suppose that black fellow cut his lucky altogether—"

Facey smiled.

"Of course," rasped out the captain, "I can't tolerate any dereliction of duty; but if the young devil made a break for it—"

"Ay, ay, sir," returned the first

lieutenant, and darted down the brass steps three at a time. He called Burder aside and gave him instructions to that discreet youngster, who was sharp to see the point without the need for awkward explanations.

A couple of hours later Burder embarked again and headed for the ship in a tearing hurry. A chuckle ran along the decks as not a sign of Billy could be made out, and the nearing boat soon put the last doubt at rest. There was no black boy among the blue-jackets.

Burder skipped up the steps and saluted the captain on the aridge.

"I have to report the escape of Billy, sir," he said, with inimitable gravity and assurance. "I scarcely know how it came to happen, sir, but he managed to bolt as he was walking between Miller and Cra-croft."

"This is a very serious matter," said the captain, with ill-concealed cheerfulness. "I don't know but what it is my duty to reprimand you very severely for your carelessness. However, if he is gone, I suppose. I hope you took measures to recapture him?"

"Yes, sir," returned Burder. "Looked for him high and low, sir."

"Poor Billy!" said the captain, with a smile that spoke volumes. "We'll say no more about it, Mr. Burder; it may be all for the best; but remember, sir, it mustn't happen again."

"No," said Burder.

"How did you manage it, old man?" was the eager question that met the youngster as he took shelter in the wardroom and ordered "a beer." All his messmates were round him, save Facey, who was officer of the deck and could not do more than hang in the doorway.

"I tell you it wasn't easy," said the boy. "We promenade all round the place, and I tried like fun to shake him off. I sent him errands and hid behind trees, and talked of how we were going to shoot him to-morrow—but it was all no blooming good! I was at my wits' end at last, and had almost made up my mind to tie him to a tree and run for it, when I got a bright idea. I pretended I had dropped my can under a banyan a mile behind the town, a kind of cemetery banyan full of dead men's bones—a rummy place, I can tell you. And when we got down near the boat, I took nigger on one side and bade him go and fetch it. 'And don't you come back without it, Billy,' said I. 'I'll be dismissed from the service if I can't account for that canteen! Then he asked how long I was going to stay, and I said a week; and he went off like a lamb, while we squared away for the ship. Didn't you see the jigger pull!'"

It had been the merest pretense that had taken the warship into Port McGuire, and now that her merciful errand had been so successfully accomplished, and Billy reluctantly torn at last from those who had to kill him, Capt. Casement lost no time in ordering the ship to sea. But as the wench tugged at the anchor, and the great hull crept up inch by inch to the tautened chain, a sudden yell roused the captain on the bridge and struck him as cruelly as one of those poisoned arrows he feared so much.

"Billy, on the starboard bow!"

Sure enough, a black poll protruded above the rippling bosom of the bay, and two frantic arms were seen driving a familiar dark countenance on a course towards the vessel. It was Billy indeed, his honest face marked with anguish and despair as he fought his way to regain his prison.

Casement groaned. And for this he had been holding the cruiser two long weeks in those God-forsaken islands, and had invented one excuse upon another to delay his return to Sunflower Bay! Billy had been given a hundred chances to escape, and now, like a bad penny, here he was again, ready to precipitate the catastrophe which could no longer be postponed.

A great laugh went up when Billy presented himself on deck, exhausted, dripping like a spaniel, and sorely hurt in spirit. He began at once to blurt out the story of the canteen, and made a bee-line for Burder; but that intrepid youngster could afford to listen to

no explanations, and in self-defense had to order Billy into the hands of the marines, who led him away protesting.

Casement's patience was now quite at an end. He headed the ship for Sunflower Bay, and spared no coal to bring her there in short order. Three hours after they had passed out of the heads of Port McGuire the Singaree was at anchor off the blow-hole.

Facey was drinking a whisky-and-soda, and preparing himself, as best he could, for the ordeal he knew to be before him, when the captain's servant entered the wardroom and requested his presence in the cabin.

"Mr. Facey," said the captain, "take the doctor and the pay and 40 men well armed from the ship, and when you've assembled the village take that Billy and shoot him."

"Yes, sir," said the lieutenant, turning very pale.

"Faugh," rasped Casement, "it makes me sick. Damn the boy, why couldn't he cut? Well, be off with you, and kill him as decently as you know how."

Billy did not at first realize how seriously he was involved in the plans of the shore party that was making ready. He dropped into one of the boats light-heartedly enough, and took his place cheerfully between two marines with loaded rifles. But the mournful hush of all about him, the eyes that turned and would not meet his own, the tenderness and sorrow which was expressed in every movement, in every furtive look, of his whilom comrades, all stirred and shook him with consternation. No one laughed at his little antics. He tickled the men next him, and nudged him, his friend Tommy, who could whistle like a blackbird and do amazing tricks with cards; but instead of an answering grin, Tommy's eyes filled with tears and he stared straight in front of him. Billy was whimpering before they were half ashore, and some understanding of the fate in store for him began to struggle through his thick head.

There was no need to assemble the village. It was there to meet them, old Jiberik and all, silent, funeral, and expectant. The men were marched up to the charred remains of the trader's house and formed up on three sides of a square, leaving the fourth open to the sea. To this space Billy was led by Facey and old Quinn, the gunner. The negro looked about him like a frightened child and clung to the old man.

"Will you give the prisoner a minute to make his peace with God?" asked old Quinn.

Facey nodded.

Quinn plunged down on his knees, Billy beside him. For a brief space the gunner pattered prayers thick and fast, like a man with no time to lose.

"Billy," he said at last, "as you stand on the brink of that river we all must cross, as the few seconds run out that you have still to live and breathe and make your final and everlasting peace with the God you have so grievously offended, let me implore you to show some sorrow, some contrition, for the awful act that has brought you to this! Billy, tell God you are sorry you killed Biggar."

For a moment Billy made no answer. At last, in a husky voice, he said:

"You mean Cap'n Tom, who live here before?"

"Him you hurled into eternity with all his sins hot on him. Yes, Cap'n Tom, the trader."

"No!" cried Billy, with a strangled cry. "Me no sorry. White fellow no good; I kill him."

"Quinn," cried Facey, "your time's up." The first lieutenant's face was livid, and his hands trembled as he bound Billy's eyes with a silk handkerchief.

"Stand right there, Billy," said the officer, turning the prisoner round to face the firing party, that was already drawn up.

"Good-by, Missy Facey and gentlemen all," whimpered the boy.

"Good-by, Billy," returned the other. "Now, men," he added, as he ran his eye along the faltering faces, "no damned squeamishness; if you want to help the nigger, you'll shoot straight. For God's sake don't mangle him."

"Fire!"

Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

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EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 1601 Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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To the humblest and the weakest
Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
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And not for all the race."

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Helen Keller's Tribute To Rogers.

FAMOUS BLIND GIRL, IN TOUCH-
IN LETTER, TELLS HOW MUCH
SHE OWED HIM.

In a letter made public, Helen Keller, the deaf, dumb and blind young woman, pays a remarkable personal tribute to the memory of Henry H. Rogers, who had taken a great interest in her education. Miss Keller writes:

"In the death of Mr. H. H. Rogers I have lost a dear friend. I do not think I have yet learned the meaning of these words. It still seems as if I should see him again soon. This protest of my heart against the thought of losing him makes me realize how much I loved him. No, he is not dead. This is the wonderful message which the blossoming world outside my study window is bringing me as I write. He has simply gone beyond the dull arras of matter to a higher, holier life, and in a little while I shall find him again and feel the tender clasp of his hand.

"I met Mr. Rogers first more than twelve years ago, one Sunday afternoon, when Mr. Clemens brought him to see me at Mr. Laurence Hutton's house in New York. I recall Mr. Clemens's whimsical introduction. He said: Helen, this is my friend, Henry Rogers. He can't talk very well yet, but perhaps you can understand him, and he placed my hand on Mr. Rogers' lips.

LOST HER HEART TO HIM.

"My fingers caught the quiet, deep smile on his face and felt his embarrassed voice repeating my name. I, there and then, lost my heart to Mr. Clemens's tall, reticent friend, and the protecting clasp of his strong hand told me that I had found a new friend. It happened that I had just then lost a beloved friend in Mr. John P. Spaulding, and I was sad and troubled. It was doubtful whether my education could be continued, and although I had no idea at that time of Mr. Rogers' ability to help me, there was something about him which set my spirit at rest. Later, when some friends in New York were trying to raise a fund for my education, they asked him to contribute. He refused, but said that he would provide an amount sufficient to send me to college. This he did, and after my graduation set aside a certain sum to be sent to me each year.

NEVER WISHED FOR THANKS.

"I shall not try to express my gratitude, for I think that Mr. Rogers shrank from expressions of gratitude. In the practical service which he rendered my teacher and me, he was splendidly impersonal. He did not even wish me to thank him in my letters. I was almost afraid to dedicate to him a little book which I published last year, for I thought he might not approve so public an expression of our friendship. But I learned afterward that he was pleased, although he declared that if I had asked his permission he would not have given it.

"During the years that I have known Mr. Rogers, whenever my teacher and I were perplexed or in need of advice, he brought his fine insight and decision to our aid.

"He was always responsive, always sympathetic. He was always doing little kindnesses quietly and unnoticed. If I needed books, he ordered them. If I admired a flower or a plant, he sent it to me. Although there were few opportunities for us to meet after I left New York, yet I never felt that he was unkindful of me, and one of the happiest anticipations connected with a visit to New York was the thought of seeing him.

KNOW HIM IN HIS HOME.

"Last September, when we spent a few days with him at Fairhaven, I learned for the first time to know him in his own beautiful home,

surrounded by his grandchildren. Each morning he sent one of the children up to my room with roses, 'Grandpa's good morning, and he's waiting for you on the veranda.' I can feel now his hand affectionately laid upon mine as he told us about his garden and the prize his melons had won at the Boston Horticultural Exhibit that Summer. But I think his rose garden and his lovely grandchildren were his special pride and delight.

"How glad I am that I can tell the world of Mr. Rogers' kindness to me. He had the imagination, the vision and the heart of a great man, and I count it one of the most precious privileges of my life to have had him for my friend. The memory of his friendship will grow sweeter and brighter each year, until he takes my hand again, and we gather roses together in the Garden of Paradise."

Resolutions of Sympathy and the Reply.

At the close of the religious services on Sunday, May 16th, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted by the Boston Deaf-Mute Society.

WHEREAS, God in His infinite wisdom and mercy has sent to take from our midst, Mrs. Katharine Stone Williams, the beloved wife of Dr. Job Williams, of Hartford, our friend and teacher, who has so often ministered to us from the pulpit of this society; and

WHEREAS, The intimate relations of a pastor and the members of his congregation which have been held so long between Prof. Williams and the Boston Deaf-Mute Society render it proper that we should place on record, an expression of our sorrow for him in his hour of trouble; be it

Resolved, That the Boston Deaf-Mute Society tenders to Dr. Williams the sympathy of all the members in the loss of a devoted wife, whose Christian virtues, lovely disposition and winning manners had endeared her to all who knew her; and,

Resolved, That we prayerfully commend our brother in Christ to look to Heaven for strength and hope, and not to forget that there is a meeting-place for husbands and wives, parents and children, in a fairer clime than this beyond the grave, where there will be no more partings, sufferings or tears of anguish.

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be sent to Dr. Williams, and that a copy be sent for publication in the Deaf-Mutes' Journal and DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

HENRY C. WHITE,
FRANK W. BIGELOW,
WM. J. RUDOLPH.

THE REPLY.

HARTFORD, CT., May 20, 1909.

Messrs. Henry C. White, Frank W. Bigelow, William J. Rudolph, Etc.,

Committee.

DEAR FRIENDS:—Please extend to the Boston Deaf-Mute Society my sincere thanks for their very kind resolutions of sympathy for me in my great sorrow. The sympathy of my friends is a comfort, and I especially appreciate the recognition of Mrs. Williams's virtues and her lively interest in and kindness to the deaf. It always gave her pleasure when she could add anything to their happiness.

Sincerely yours,
JOB WILLIAMS.

A Chance for the New England Deaf.

AMONG the Public bequests in the will of the late William B. Rice, a Shoe Manufacturer, of Dedham, Mass., is the sum of \$240,000, of which \$200,000 is for the establishment of a Charitable Institution bearing his name, the character of which he leaves to his executors and trustees, although he suggests a Home for Aged Unfortunate, or a School at which men and women can learn a trade.

Here is a good chance for the trustees of the New England Home for Aged Deaf to put in a bid for the unfortunate deaf of New England, or for some spirited deaf-mute to try and induce the trustees of the late William B. Rice's will to establish a Manual Training School for deaf-mutes, who can continue to fit themselves for the battle of life in mastering a trade. The trustees may consider the plan, as there is no such school whatever in existence for the deaf in the United States.

"STRAY STRAWS" TO "RANDOM RAYS."

"Random Rays" refers in the JOURNAL to my gentle avoidance of the vulgarity of "chewing the rag" in public as "curious side-stepping." Does it never enter her vain head that readers at large are never interested in petty personalities? As she makes it clear that we both live in the same town, and know the same people, it must be a matter of comment that she did not try to have her quarrel out with me personally instead of in the JOURNAL.

Not long ago, she called me down in the JOURNAL for several insignificant things, one of which was the little matter of writing about a party or two which I had not attended, and now she had done the same thing and mixed a few facts by telling about the banquet of the Gallaudet College Alumni, which she did not attend. So much for her consistency.

I shall be glad to discuss principles or views with "Random Rays," but positively decline to enter into a personal quarrel or cater to her well-known personal vanity over trifles.

E. F. L.

GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

From our Regular Correspondent.

Mr. Moses Dulkan, of Baltimore, was a visitor on the Green during the week.

Walter Bell, '11, better known as "Sonny," left college Sunday morning, May 30th, for his home in Alabama. He was compelled to give up his studies, for the time being, on account of poor health. "Sonny" was a popular member of the student body, and his smiling features will be missed by many. He was one of our good athletes, having played center on the Varsity football team, and shortstop on the baseball team.

Mr. Cooper, '08, a member of the teaching corps of the Colored School for the Deaf, in Baltimore, was a most welcome visitor at college, over Sunday. His school has closed, so he is now getting ready for his summer vacation. He intends to go camping with some friends, near Great Falls.

Mrs. Gaw attended an outing of the "four hundred" at Chevy Chase, Saturday, May 29th. She came back to the Green with a suit case full of most delicious olive and cheese sandwiches. As soon as she arrived she made Professor Gaw go scouting for the half starved masculine members of the student body. Needless to say that Mr. Gaw turned out to be a capable scout and succeeded in rounding up the students, who greatly enjoyed the repast. Henceforth the students will be on the lookout for Mrs. Gaw, when they know she is liable to be returning from a picnic.

Friday night, May 28th, the Literary Society held its last regular meeting of the year. The program which was rendered in an excellent manner was as follows:—

VALETDICTORY—"Yachting," Mr. Henry, '09.

RESPONSE—"That man Castro," Mr. Holliday, '10.

Mr. Henry, '09, in a most agreeable and at times touching manner, delivered the Valedictory.

Mr. Holliday, '10, then took the platform and held the attention of the entire student body with his well worded and most pleasing Response, which was very good.

Friday, May 28th, the students of the East Wing, gave a Lawn Fete in honor of the Ladies of the Faculty. The College community was invited and turned out in force. Owing to the weather the fete was held in Chapel Hall. All report having a jolly good old time. No wonder! who wouldn't? With so many pretty Co-eds and such delicious refreshments.

Saturday, May 29th, Gallaudet defeated the Mt. St. Joseph nine of Baltimore, on their own garden, in an interesting game. Score 7-5. A batting rally in the eighth inning brought in three earned runs for the Knoll Greeners.

This timely knocking out of three singles, and a double by Birk to deep left field, won the game.

Owing to faculty restrictions four of the regular players, Bell, Craven, Morris, and Horn, were debared from the game for not being up to the required mark in their studies.

For Mt. St. Joseph, Tracey at the Keystone sack was the star, and the work of Stone at the bat was the feature of the game, he obtaining three singles.

GALLAUDET

	R	H	PO	A	E
Birk, c.	1	2	7	1	2
Aras, c. f.	3	1	1	1	1
Battiste, 2b.	0	1	3	2	1
Howar, 3b.	1	2	2	4	1
Cooper, 1b.	1	2	3	1	2
Lapides, r. f.	0	0	1	0	1
Dillon, p.	0	2	0	5	2
Blanchard, l. f.	1	1	1	0	0
Hughes, s. s.	0	1	1	0	1
Totals	7	11	27	15	9

MT. ST. JOSEPH

	R	H	PO	A	E
Tracey, 2b.	2	1	3	5	1
Bain, c. f.	1	0	3	0	0
Stone, r. f.	1	0	3	0	0
C. Nitch, c. s. s.	0	0	2	1	0
Schaub, p.	1	1	0	1	0
Keenan, c.	1	1	8	1	0
Lanasa, 3b.	0	1	3	2	1
Bell, l. f.	0	0	1	0	1
C. Nitch, l. f.	0	0	2	0	1
D. Nitch, l. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Totals	5	8	27	12	4

Earned runs—Gallaudet 5. First base by errors—Gallaudet 2; Mt. St. J. 10. First base on balls—Gallaudet 2; Mt. St. J. 10. Struck out—By Dillon, 5; by Schaub, 7. Two base hits—Birk, Howar, Cooper. Sacrifices hit—Cooper. Stolen bases—Bain, Cooper. Wild pitches—Dillon. Passed balls—Keenan. Umpire—Leitch. Mt. St. J. Time of game—1 hour and 55 minutes.

In an interesting and fast practice game on Garlie Field, Gallaudet again downed the Eastern High School by the score of 6 to 3.

Battiste was in the box for the Buff and Blue boys, and did good work. He did not go up in the air during the last innings as he has been doing. He also obtained two hits. "Kid" Horn had his batting cap on, getting three hits.

Eastern H. S.

	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Parker, c.	4	0	0	10	2	1
Martin, l. f.	4	0	0	2	0	0
Leland, c. f.	4	1	1	3	0	0
Whitney, R. s. s.	4	1	3	7	1	0
Ligon, 2b.	2	1	1	2	0	0
Babcock, 3b.	4	0	0	1	0	1
Defendorf, r. f.	4	0	0	1	0	0
Whitney, C. p.	3	0	0	4	0	1
Chase, l. f.	3	0	0	4	0	1
Totals	33	3	6	34	5	8

Gallaudet

	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Morris, c.	5	1	1	7	3	1
Aras, c. f.	4	1	1	3	0	0
Howar, 3b.	4	1	1	5	2	0
Bell, r. f.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Craven, l. f.	3	0	0	9	0	0
Battiste, 2b.	4	1	2	1	5	1
Blanchard, l. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Preston, 3b.	3	0	0	1	1	0
Birk, 2b.	1	1	0	0	0	0
Horn, s. s.	3	0	3	1	0	0
Totals	35	6	9	27	11	1

E. H. S.

	AB	R	H	O	A	E
First Base on errors—E. H. S. 1; Gallaudet 2. Left on bases—E. H. S. 9; Gallaudet 7. First base on balls—Off Dillon, 2; Off Schaub, 4. Struck out—By Dillon, 5; by Schaub, 7. Two base hits—Birk, Howar, Cooper. Sacrifices hit—Cooper. Stolen bases—Bain, Cooper. Wild pitches—Dillon. Passed balls—Keenan. Umpire—Leitch. Mt. St. J. Time of game—1 hour and 55 minutes.						

Under the direction of
REV. M. R. MCCARTHY, S. J.

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Franklin Street above Green, Phila., Pa.

REV. C. O. DANFERT, Pastor, 3525 N. Nineteenth Street.

Services every Sunday at 2:30 P.M. (Except during July and August, 19:30 A.M.)

Holy Communion—First Sunday of the month.

Bible Class, immediately after services.

Cleric Literary Association meets every Thursday, after 7:30 o'clock.

Gallaudet	AB	R	H	O	A	E
Morris, c.	5	1	1	7	3	1
Aras, c. f.	4	1	1	3	0	0
Howar, 3b.	4	1	1	5	2	0
Bell, r. f.	4	1	1	0	0	0
Craven, l. f.	3	0	0	9	0	0
Battiste, 2b.	4	1	2	1	5	1
Blanchard, l. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Preston, 3b.	3	0	0	1	1	0
Birk, 2b.	1	1	0	0	0	0
Horn, s. s.	3	0	3	1	0	0
Totals	35	6	9	27	11	1

Earned runs—E. H. S. 1; Gallaudet 2. First Base on errors—E. H. S. 1; Gallaudet 2. Left on bases—E. H. S. 9; Gallaudet 7. First base on balls—Off Dillon, 2; Off Schaub, 4. Struck out—By C. Whitney, 7; Battiste, 7. Two base hits—R. Whitney, Battiste. Sacrifices hit—Craven, Stolen bases—Bain, Cooper. Wild pitches—Dillon. Passed balls—Keenan. Umpire—Leitch. Mt. St. J. Time of game, one hour and fifty minutes.

The Marathon Race of fifteen miles run on May 29th, in this city, was won by Charles Muller, of the Mohawk Athletic Club, of New York. Ransom Arch, I. C., of Gallaudet College, who was one of the one hundred and five contestants, and one of the forty-six who finished the race within the time limit of two hours and fifteen minutes; finished sixteenth. Muller made the best time, which was 1 hr., 35 m., 42 s. Arch, ran the fifteen miles in 1 hr., 53 m., 52 s. He is in good condition and does not seem to be in any ways suffering from the long run. It was indeed a fine showing for one of his experiences and training. He has only trained for the past two months, and it was his first Marathon of any note. Arch won a handsome silver medal for his good showing.

The following is a tentative draft of the Gallaudet College football schedule for the coming season, as submitted to and approved by the Gallaudet College Athletic Association's board of directors and the faculty athletic council. On account of the late opening of the college, on September 23d, the season starts Saturday, October 2d, with Georgetown University, as the Buff and Blue's opponents. As a result the schedule is a rather short one, but well arranged, it having mostly games of Gallaudet's class. Manager Ira Robinson, '11, is trying to arrange a game with the Fredericksburg College, to be played at Kendall Green, if possible, and then he will have only two open dates, which he hopes to fill with college teams of Gallaudet's class before the opening of the season.

Gallaudet's speedy little left end, John T. Hower, '11, of Kansas, will again captain the team, and will practically have the same eleven except at quarter back, which was held by J. O'Donnell, '09, of Minnesota. A new quarter back will have to be developed to take the place of the fleet Northwesterner who left College some time ago.

The schedule:

- Oct. 2—Georgetown University, at Georgetown Field.
- 9—Mt. Washington Club, at Baltimore.
- 16—Fredericksburg College, at home.
- 22—St. John's College (Annapolis), at home.
- 30—Washington College, at Chester town, Md.
- Nov. 6—Maryland Agricultural College, at home.
- 14—Johns Hopkins University, at Baltimore.
- 20—Fredericksburg College, at Fredericksburg, Va. (pending).
- 27—Open.

Sunday afternoon, Dr. Fay, lectured in Chapel Hall. His text was: "Whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain." Matt. 5: 41. The lecture was one of the best heard this year so far. It was very interesting and of an instructive vein for those who are going out in the wide world to make a living.

T. J. B.

Catholic Church Notices.

St. Francis Xavier's, 30 West 16th Street—Instruction and Services in the College Hall, 3:30 P.M., on the third Sunday of the month.

St. Rose's, 165th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

St. Vincent Ferrer's, Lexington Avenue and 66th Street—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

BROOKLYN—Knights of Columbus Hall, Hanson Place and South Portland Avenue—Religious Instruction at 3:30 P.M., on the fourth Sunday of the month.

JERSEY CITY—St. Peter's, 144 Grand Street, Services and Instruction in the College Hall, at 3:30 P.M., on the first Sunday of the month.

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FANWOOD.

Fanwood went down to defeat before the strong Flower Baseball Club, by the score of 3 to 2, last Saturday afternoon, on the home grounds. The visitors outbatted our boys by a wide margin, getting ten hits while all our boys could get off the opposing pitcher was a single hit. Our fielding was about the same as theirs, Gompers getting his paws on two high lifts and Lieberz one. Each team managed to put a man over the rubber in the first inning, the visitors getting another in the third, which was equalized by the home team in the fourth. After that nothing was done in that line until the fateful ninth, when the visitors pulled ahead by a batting rally. Owing to an accident to Lux's arm during the game with the Commerce High School, he was far from being in good condition last Saturday. Nimmo had an attack of the "cholly boss," which prevented him from doing as much as was expected. On the whole it was a very good game considering the condition of things.

The score and summary:

Flower Baseball Club.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Bayless, 3b.	5	2	1	1	2	0
Wagner, l. f.	4	0	1	1	0	0
Wagner, 2b.	5	1	1	1	0	0
Quackenbush, p.	4	0	1	2	7	0
Raleigh, c. f.	3	0	1	0	0	0
Durnker, ss.	4	0	0	0	2	2
Walker, c.	4	0	1	11	0	0
Durbin, l. f.	3	0	2	0	0	0
Pessana, r. f.	3	0	2	0	0	0
Totals	36	3	10	27	12	2
Fanwood	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Wells, 3b.	2	1	0	0	2	1
Wells, 2b.	4	0	1	0	0	0
Nimmo, p.	4	1	1	0	6	0
Lux, c.	4	0	0	10	1	0
Lieberz, r. f.	3	0	1	1	0	0
Blower, ss.	3	0	2	2	2	0
Fancher, c. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Gompers, l. f.	3	0	0	2	0	0
Klier, 2b.	3	0	0	10	0	1
Pessana * r. f.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Totals	31	2	5	23	10	2

NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL at Station M, New York.
A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

"Pentecost" otherwise known as "Shabouth" or the "Feast of Weeks," was fittingly observed by the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf at their Temple, 72d Street and Lexington Avenue, last Wednesday evening, May 26th. The whole interior was profusely decked with flowers and foliage, "specimens of the wealth and beauty which the Divine Hand has filled the natural world," and came near being transformed into a floral establishment, which simultaneously delighted both the senses of smell and sight. Leader Samuel Cohen conducted the special services for the occasion; the main feature being his excellent sermon on the significance of "The Feast of Pentecost," throughout which he held the rapt attention of the one hundred fifty or more persons present. He attributed the general gala attire and jubilation on this particular holiday to the fact that this was the "Birthday of Israel's Religion," as differentiated from Passover (Birthday of Israel's Nationality), and that this is a day "exclusively agricultural," on which we are reminded that "God is the real Master and we are but stewards of his wealth." This is also the day, Leader Cohen went on to explain, when the Ten Commandments, worshipped alike by Jew and Gentile, were imparted to us, teaching us "self renunciation" and the needed "submission to a Higher Law" than that of "our own inclinations," concluding with Israel's Message of Joy, Peace and Good will to all Men. A beautifully rendered hymn by the vested Choir brought the services to a close.

Two interesting events are to occur June 5th. In St. Patrick's Cathedral, this city, Rev. Edward A. Locher will be ordained to the Holy Priesthood by His Grace, the Most Rev. John M. Farley, D.D., and in the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Albany, N. Y. Rev. Thomas J. Burke will be invested with Holy Orders by the Right Rev. Thomas M. A. Burke, D.D. The following day both the young priests will celebrate their first Mass, Rev. Father Burke at eight o'clock in St. Joseph's Church, Albany, and Rev. Father Locher, at 11 A.M., in the Immaculate Conception Church, Yonkers, N. Y. This week they complete their six years' course of preparation for their chosen calling as students of St. Joseph's Seminary, Yonkers. Both are well versed in the deaf-mute language, having been zealous for several years past in Rev. Father McCarthy's Sunday School work among the Catholic deaf. While Rev. Father Locher has through a deaf relative, been conversant with the silent language almost since he wore knickerbockers, it may please our old friend, Luther Taylor, to know he was the cause of Father Burke's first lessons in the silent A-B-C.

Several of the deaf made an automobile trip Eye Beach on Monday, May 31st. The excursion was under the auspices of the Ladies' Alpha Society. Among those who went along were: Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bothner and children, Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Loew and child, Mr. A. C. Bachrach, Mr. and Mrs. Marcus Kenner, Mr. and Mrs. Seymour A. Gomprecht, Mr. and Mrs. E. Souweine, Mrs. Jacques Loew, Mr. Emil Basch, Mrs. Russell and daughter, Mrs. Goldberg and daughter, Mrs. Vetelele, Mrs. A. A. Cohn, Miss Bessie Smalowitz, Mr. and Mrs. Schoenfeld, and daughter, Misses Rose Racien, Lizzie MacLair, Selma Frankenthaler, Stella Hirsch, Ida and Ruby Abrams, Margaret Schaffer and Small, Messrs. Alfred Ernst, John C. Reckweg and Bart, Farnham, Lesser, Metzger and "Teddy" Rose.

Isaac Brockman, educated at Fanwood, and for many years a resident of New York, died suddenly, on the 18th of May, at the Printers' Home, at Colorado Springs, Col. He had been in the Home four months. At the outset of his stay at the Printers' Home, he made steady improvement. Three weeks ago, he was deemed well enough to take outdoor exercise, so was given the job of watering the lawn. He caught a severe cold and never rallied. He got his feet wet, and the result was a severe hemorrhage, which developed into tubercular peritonitis. He leaves a wife and several children. Mrs. Brockman intends returning to New York to live, some time in July.

N. F. Kelley, of Derby, Ct., is making frequent trips to this city to have his teeth tinkered by a Fifth Avenue dentist. Mr. Kelly has a certificate from the Lancaster Correspondence School as an expert chemist, and has received offers of positions from the West, but has declined them all, in anticipation of an "offer from near home." He is still working as a machinist in the shop in Derby, of which his father is president.

The German Warship Bremen, now anchored in the Hudson River and under escort of two United States warships, was visited one day last week by the members of the German Deaf-Mute Society of Greater New York in a body, with President H. Eschert and Secretary John Kumb, who signed the visitor's book on board. They were shown all around the ship and well entertained, and each left with a souvenir by which to remember the occasion.

A surprise party was given to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Glostein, at their home in South Orange, N. J., on the evening of Saturday, May 22d. The surprisers brought along a handsome parlor clock, as a present. A good time was had, and refreshments, consisting of ice cream and cake were served. Those present were: Messrs. Calahan, Ahmes, Wolgamot, Lesser, Loew and Ran, Misses Pearsall, Mears, Weston, Hirsch, Lindhoff and Bonoff.

Lauretta Hanghay, of this city, and a former pupil of the Fordam School, will be married to Mr. John Trainor, a promising young semite, of Pittsfield, Mass., in the Chapel of St. Joseph's Institute, on June 16th. The ceremony will be performed by the pastor of the Catholic Deaf of all Manhattan, Rev. M. R. McCarthy, S. J.

The last sermon was delivered and the last parting hymn sung at the Temple last Friday evening the 28th, when "services" closed for the Summer. Activities will be resumed next Fall, when a confirmation class composed of Jewish children will be established by Leader Cohen.

Next Sunday, the delegates appointed by the various branches of Father McCarthy's Silent Flocks, who are to arrange the preliminaries of that much-talked-of Combined Outing, will, it is expected proceed by various ways to St. Peter's Society.

Miss Hattie Goldfogle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Goldfogle, delivered an address on "Festival of Shabbath" and was confirmed at Temple Radoph Shalom on the 26th ult. She received many valuable presents, among which were jewels and a complete outfit.

A. H. Kohlmetz was successfully operated on in St. Luke's Hospital last Friday, for some organic obstruction, and if the usually feared complications do not arise he will be out in a few weeks, better and stronger physically than he has been for a decade.

John C. Reckweg is in New York for a prolonged stay. He has several patents for amusement devices and cabinet work, and also asserts his claim to something new in the line of air ships.

Mrs. Edgar Bloom's parents will remove from New Orleans to New York City, to become permanent residents. Mrs. Bloom is accordingly very happy.

Bennie Elkin, Mrs. Elkin and the children, spent Saturday, Sunday and Monday at Nesconset, L. I., as guests of Mrs. Grace Commerdinger (nee Grace Crolins.)

Mrs. John H. Keiser is reported to be seriously sick with pleurisy. Her little daughter, born on May 17th, is thriving.

Mrs. S. Lowenherz's father died two weeks ago, at his home in Flushing, L. I.

DEAF MUTE MINISTER

A minister of the gospel for 40 years, who has never spoken a word, preached a sermon at Christ Episcopal church last night. The Rev. Austin W. Mann, of Cleveland, was the name of the minister. He is a deaf-mute and his auditors last night were mutes.

Rev. Mann is a remarkable person. He travels over the country preaching to the afflicted in their own language. Two years ago, he was in a railroad wreck while traveling. He has traveled more than 1,000,000 miles, baptised 1,053 people.

His subject last night was "Christian Service." He urged his congregation to "be doers, not hearers only." This was the text he wrote for the reporter.

When asked how they could be doers in their own way, he wrote: "They can perform their Christian duties like other people. They can hear with the eye, hearing being synonymous with understanding." As the result of the visit of Rev. Mann last night, the Rev. Charles J. French, rector of the church, was requested to baptize three children of one of the families who went to hear him.

Though their mother and father are both mutes, these three children can all talk and hear as good as any children, so the minister will read the prayer while Mrs. French holds her finger on the line before the eyes of the parents and other interested parties. The service will be performed Sunday morning.

After the sermon, which was given in the sign language, last evening, the people all knelt with their eyes fixed on the minister, who offered prayer. At the conclusion of the services a social hour was enjoyed. —Springfield, Ohio, Sun, May 28.

PHILADELPHIA

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1638 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

The Board of Managers of the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf held an adjourned meeting at the residence of Secretary R. M. Ziegler, in Mt. Airy, on Saturday evening, May 22d. The members of the Board and their wives had been previously dined by Mr. and Mrs. Ziegler. The following managers attended the meeting: President Reider, Secretary Ziegler, Thomas Breen, Charles Partington, and Rev. C. O. Dantzer. It was decided to change the date of the meeting in Scranton from August 25, 26, 27, to August 19, 20, 21, inclusive. Resolutions referring to Federation were reported from Committee and, owing to their importance, the President directed that a referendum vote be taken in them at another adjourned meeting, which will be held on June 26th. Other business of minor importance was transacted. The next adjourned meeting will be held at the residence of Rev. C. O. Dantzer in Tioga.

Rabbi Marvin Nathan, of the Beth Israel Temple, where the Hebrew deaf of this city worship, lectured in the Chapel of Wissinoming Hall, Mt. Airy, on Tuesday evening, May 18th. President Lipsett presided over the meeting, which was well attended. It was Peace Day, although many had overlooked the fact, and so, when Rabbi Nathan addressed them on it and its significance, a deeper interest was undoubtedly felt in the day.

On Saturday evening, 22d ult., the members of the Merymakers' Club called on Mr. Wm. H. Lippsett at his home in a body, to surprise and present to him a beautiful imported pipe, as a mark of appreciation for his services in directing the play of the Club at the recent Fair in Mt. Airy. The presentation was made after short complimentary speeches by Messrs. McGhee, Ronch, and Scott. R. E. Underwood was also presented with a pretty framed picture for his part in the play. The rest of the evening was spent in playing games and partaking of refreshments, which the Merymakers had thoughtfully provided.

John Coffield, of Mahony City, was a visitor at All Souls' last Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Louisa Slifer's son, who has had an attack of Typhoid Fever, is convalescing. We are glad his attack is not very severe, as there is much sickness in the section of the city in which he lives.

After routine business was transacted, a game was played in which Mrs. Charles M. Pennell and Mrs. Elmer Scott were the winners. Nice refreshments were served.

The monthly business meeting of the Merymakers' Club was held at the home of Mr. Roy D. Koeney, on the 15th of May.

Mr. James Weeney has secured employment at the Brill Car Works, and Mr. R. Reed Robertson as a compositor at the Arch Street Publishing Company.

At this writing Philadelphia has a regrettable trolley strike and, unless peace is effected soon, many interests will suffer by it. While many of us may naturally sympathize with the cause of the striking conductors and motormen, few can approve of such a method of fighting because it hits so many innocent interests. Fourteen years ago (in 1895) the city had a similar strike, which was so serious that the ghost of it still lingers in our mind.

The events of the first two days of this strike give no hint of an early end to the trouble, but rather forbode a stubborn fight. Efforts are made to run the cars during the day with some little success, but at night the service is almost at a complete standstill. The city payers declare that our Mayor could speedily end the trouble for a time, at least; but, unfortunately his political entanglements seem to prevent him from giving the trouble the judicial weight which the Chief Magistrate of a great city should place above politics in such an emergency. So far, the Mayor has shown no inclination to tender his good offices and influence to bring about peace, but every thought seems to be given to placing the administrators on a "war footing." Owing to this fact, the prospects for an early settlement of the difficulty do not seem bright to us now, but we shall hope for a change for the better.

Our deaf should exercise care while on the street during the progress of the strike, as arrests are made upon the slightest pretext of aiding the strikers by word of deed. The strike had a noticeable effect upon the attendance at All Souls' Church yesterday afternoon. Only about half of the usual number of them walked to and from the church.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. C. O. Dantzer have sent out cards for a Parish reception on Tuesday evening, June 1st, at the Church. Owing to the strike, some doubt was felt about securing a good attendance; but, after talking the matter over with the parishioners after the Bible School, they decided not to postpone the event? A good bit of merriment was caused at this little

conference. To induce attendance, Mr. Dantzer threw out a hint by asking what he should do with the refreshments if the attendance was not up to expectation. To this he received quite an unexpected answer from quick-witted Thomas Breen, who rose up and proposed to "give it to the trolley strikers." Even Pastor Dantzer could not help smiling at Mr. Breen's proffer of generosity at his expense.

Word has been received that Mrs. Otto Koenig is at present confined in a hospital, but no hint is given of the nature of her illness, except that visitors are not allowed to see her.

Unusual happiness came to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Jacobs, in Tioga, by the advent of a girl baby, on May 10th.

The entire front of R. J. Harper's hat store, at 2948 Ridge Avenue, was recently remodeled so that now it has a beautiful and artistic appearance. Mr. Harper is to be commended for his progressiveness in making improvements that make his store the most attractive and modern looking in the neighborhood. We are proud of it because he is our neighbor in the Northwest. His store is well-known to many people, his wife being able to talk by the sign-language, which she learned from her deaf sister, Miss Dora Kintzel. Every year Mr. Harper donates part of his unsold stock to poor and needy deaf, through the Pastoral Aid Society of all Souls' Church for the deaf.

At the last meeting of the Board of Managers of the P. S. A. D., the sum of Seven Hundred Dollars (\$700.00) was voted to the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf, which with the amount previously transferred makes a total of over one thousand dollars from the Society for the year ending on May 31st. During the past week there was also transferred to the Home the sum of \$186.62 for the Endowment Fund. Of this amount, \$50.00 was sent by the Lancaster County Local Branch, and \$136.60 by the Scranton Local Branch. What encouraging news! The deaf of Lancaster County and Scranton deserve great praise for their substantial contributions, and we sincerely hope that their example will be followed by other local branches sooner or later.

Mrs. Elizabeth Ring spent Sunday, 23d of May, in Elizabeth, N. J., visiting her mother. A sister from Boston also came on, and they had an enjoyable little family reunion.

Gabriel Frank, formerly of this city but now of Jersey City; Lewis Frederick, of Lancaster, Pa., and Arthur L. Swarts, of Delaware, were among the Sunday visitors at All Souls'.

Philadelphia friends of the late Rev. John Turner, contributed sixteen dollars toward the fund raised for placing a monument on his grave which, up to this time, has been unmarked.

John Salys, a carpenter by occupation, returned from a trip to England last week. He spent six weeks in London and enjoyed the trip greatly.

A baby arrived in the home of James McClintock's son, William, recently, and has been named after his grandfather. Needless to say that James is very proud of his grandson and namesake.

An enjoyable social was held by the Cleric Literary Association last Thursday evening, 27th of May. Several amusing games were played. In the game of guessing the combined number of seeds in three oranges, the winners were: Miss Siema Silnutzer, Mrs. Fries and Mrs. Rival, in the order named. A "horse race" was participated in by many, but only a few were good winners. They were, Mrs. Syle, Mrs. Rival, Mrs. Fries, and Messrs. McIntyre, Henry Silnutzer, and T. E. Jones. Refreshments, consisting of cocoa and crackers, were served to all. The social was in charge of the social committee, of which Mr. R. E. Underwood is chairman.

KEYSTONE STATE ITEMS.

Orie Maust, a graduate of the Edgewood School, is employer as a feeder in the job room of the Union town (Pa.) Genius establishment, and is said to be doing quite well.

Mrs. Jesse Robb, of Jeannette, of whose serious illness the Greensburg scribe, made mention in a recent issue of the JOURNAL, has gone to the northern part of Armstrong County, in hopes of regaining her wonted health. She it is understood will tarry out in the country until the month of August next. It is trusted that her health may come back to her.

Mr. C. A. Chathams, of Altoona, moved from 804 Howard Avenue to 1515 Twenty-first Avenue, where his brother, George and family, reside. For that reason it is believed that the new change will benefit his wife considerably.

Felix Hogenmiller is doing some fine catching for the Fort Pitt base ball team, of Jeannette. The fans who see him in action, praise him highly.

"Rex," the Greensburg correspondent, will make a pleasure trip to Altoona, where he will spend the Fourth of July with the Chathams.

James Pool is devoting most of his time to agriculture, since he was laid off from the Keystone Coal Co.'s Works.

OHIO.

(News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 998 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.)

May 29, 1909.—The children of the Ohio State School for the Deaf were given their annual picnic Tuesday at Alentony Park. They left the school building by classes, and boarded the cars just east of Washington Avenue, on Oak Street. It took ten cars to take the crowd. The first car along its sides was festooned with muslin bunting, upon which was painted:

"OUR ANNUAL PICNIC."

As the cars filled with joyous happy children they were the observed of all. The park reached, a scattering was made for the attractions, merry go-around, bowling alley, boat house, Chinese village, roller coaster and catch nickel schemes. The park has become more attractive each year since it was first established, and is now a fine place where one can obtain relief from the heat, dust and din of the city, and enjoy the country air in woods with their birds and wild flowers. A good lunch was served at 11:30, and all did justice to it, for it seemed to taste better than the daily dinner. After lunch a photographer was around, and Superintendent Jones had him take a number of groups, and the whole school on the steps of the dancing pavillion. The start for home was made at four, under a slight drizzling rain, and all were safely housed before the heavy downpour came, tired from the day's romp, but withal having enjoyed the outing thoroughly.

The social given at Trinity Parish House, Saturday evening last, was attended by over sixty-five people, and proved an enjoyable affair. The Rector of Trinity Church, Rev. Irwin Reese, Rev. A. W. Mann, Lay Assistant L. L. Riley and several hearing ladies welcomed those who came. Ice cream and cake were served.

Rev. A. W. Mann had a busy day of it Sunday. He preached and held Holy Communion in one of the rooms of Trinity Parish House at 10:30 A.M. The meeting had to be held there as preparations for the tearing down of Trinity Chapel to give place to a larger structure are under way. In the afternoon he conducted the services at the School for the Deaf. In the evening he held services in Trinity Church. The Lay Assistant, Rev. L. L. Riley, having charge of the services that evening read Mr. Mann's address, and the later giving it in signs. His topic was the Church Mission to the Deaf, having particular reference to Mr. Mann's work in the field under his charge.

Miss May Greener entertained the members of the L. N. P. D. Club, Thursday evening, at her home. Miss Slava Snyder was one of the invited guests. The subject for the evening was:

"Sow good service; sweet remembrances will grow from them."—Madame de Staël.

- I. Definition of Criticism and its Developments.—Miss Edgar.
- II. The Significance of Modern Criticism.—Miss Biggam.
- III. Madame de Staël and Chateaubriand.—Miss Lamson.

Each of the speakers dwelt interestingly on their several topics, and following each there was a discussion on the merits of the subject. Dainty refreshments were served after the talk. Thus closed a year's work of the club, and it has been very profitable and interesting to its members and those who have been fortunate to attend the meetings.

The Day P. Club was entertained by Miss Zell, Saturday afternoon last. We were not given the programme, but it was interesting as has been customary at all its meetings. Miss Slava Snyder, of Cleveland, who is the guest of Miss Lamson, had the pleasure of witnessing the exercises as a guest.

The three candidates for Gallaudet College were being tested in the entrance examinations Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

Wm. Douglas, of Barnesville, Roy Hockenbranz, of New Cornertown, and Roy D. Cobb, of Toledo, were here Sunday. The latter despite his deafness has taken to song-writing, and according to his statement is making money at it. He goes under the name of Bert St. John. He has a good command of speech, and lip-reading is an easy matter for him.

Mrs. A. B. Greener, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Sherman, in Richmond, Ind., since April 17th, returned home this morning.

The florist this week has been busy beautifying the front grounds or the school grounds by filling up the flower beds with plants, and setting flower urns filled with flowering plants over the grounds where they will be most effective. The recent rains have given the grounds a rich rug of green.

A little colt was added to the stock of the Home Wednesday.

CHICAGO.

H. A. Brimble, 3335 Cottage Grove Ave., Chicago.

Here is the answer to last week's conundrum—What advantage has the man in the moon over his terrestrial brother? Answer—She is more brilliant when full. Ha! ha!

Mr. Arthur L. Roberts, late of the Metropolis, but more recently of Olathe, Kan., is apparently enthusiastic over his acquisition of the degree of Master of Arts, just bestowed upon him by Gallaudet College.

He is a talented journalist and has written extensively. He had planned to publish a monthly magazine of the standard kind—devoted exclusively for the deaf, but lack of financial push intercepted the plan.

Mrs. F. B. Carpenter has been selected as Chairman of the Chicago Chapter of the Illinois State Association Picnic, to be held on July 4th. No grove has been engaged yet, but particulars will be given later. The object of this picnic is to pile up the Home Fund. Those who are interested in the project can help make the occasion a pronounced success. Bring your sisters, brothers and friends.

Grace Episcopal Church, of which Rev. Mr. Geo. Flick is the pastor, will hold its annual strawberry festival, at the parish house, on June 12th.

Miss Jessie Beardsley, Gallaudet '09, of South Dakota, will become the guest of the Brimbles during her brief stay here, en route to her home, when college closes June 23d. By prearranged plan, after completing her visit here, she was to accompany Mrs. H. Brimble on a trip to La Crosse, Wis., where Mrs. Brimble was to stay with the Worswicks, but they are preparing to move out to Sioux Falls, S. D. Thus Mrs. Brimble's plan is demolished.

Miss Fannie Reinings will leave here June 15th, for St. Paul, Minn., where she will be the guest of Miss Grace Cooper during the month of June, and will also attend the convention there.

The folks here are hustling preparing for camping and recreation out of the city for a brief time.

Miss Tade, teacher at the Oklahoma School, is counting the days until the school closes, June 22d. She expects to sojourn here all summer. Her friends will be glad to have her around again.

Rumor is to the effect that Mr. A. L. Roberts will take advantage of the school-closing by coming here for the summer, and look for something strenuous, more in keeping with his wage-earning tendencies.

The deaf folks here are looking forward to another delightful visit from Rev. Mr. Whildin in the near future. Hurry up, the parks are open and we shall have private "pick-nicks."

A surprise party was tendered the Misses Christel and Dorchester, on Saturday, May 22d.

Mr. Gussie Hyman will accompany his wife to Elkhardt, Ind., where he will leave her with her sister for a brief visit, and Gussie will come back and send in an application for membership to the Grasswidowers' Club. After being admitted, he will accompany the writer on a two weeks' encampment for good times, etc.

Mrs. J. Sullivan took a flying trip to New York last Wednesday, to visit relatives and friends.

A healthy little girl was added to the Buell family last Sunday. Mother and child are doing well. Congratulations.

Cornelius Garlock died at the residence of his daughter in Fort Plain some weeks ago, as the result of injuries he received when he had a fall. He was 87 years old. His brother is Simeon T. Garlock, of Utica, N. Y. Simeon came to attend the funeral. He spent some days in Fort Plain visiting his relatives and friends. He is 75 years old, yet he is a well preserved specimen of physical manhood and in the enjoyment of good health.

Miss Ida L. Frank, of Lakewood, N. J., is now at her country home, the Blytheview Hotel, Tannersville, N. Y., where she will spend the summer.

SOUTHERN DIOCESES.

REV. OLIVER J. WHILDIN, General Missionary.

Church services are held in the following places by the lay-readers mentioned on such Sundays and other days, and at such hours as are locally announced. The general missionary visits these and numerous other stations throughout the South at intervals to be appointed and locally made known.

LAY-READERS.

Grace Chapel, Baltimore, Mr. G. W. Boss.
Trinity Chapel, Washington, Mr. H. L. Stafford.
St. Elizabeth's Church, Wheeling, Mr. J. C. Bremer.
St. Philip's Church, Durham, N. C., Mr. R. Fortune.
Christ Church, Little Rock, Ark., Mr. J. H. Eddy.
St. Paul's Church, New Orleans, La., Mr. H. L. Tracy.

All things are new—the buds, the leaves That glid the elm-tree's nodding crest, And even the nest beneath the eaves— There are no birds in last year's nest! —Longfellow.

ZANEWARK, OHIO.

The baseball club, of which Geo. Kihm is a member, were in Zanesville to play recently, had attractions for the deaf of this city. Several met Kihm and had a talk with him. He is not sore, because of his transfer from Columbus, for he has made many friends in his new field, and they all have a good word for his playing qualities. The three tailors of the town could not attend the games when the club played there, as they were too busy earning the coin of the realm. When his club gets there June 27th, they will be on hand to root for him and club. John Greiner is no more a helper. He has now a good job as coat-maker at \$15 to \$20 a week. He has been taking lessons the past two years in coat-making.

Eugene White, who is one of the best tailors in town, also acts as clerk when the foreman of his shop is away. He has not been given "a lay off" during the dull season.

Not long ago a woman peddler came to Albert Horn's shop, and showed him a card on which was printed "I am a deaf-mute." Mr. Horn spoke to her, using the manual alphabet, but she did not understand his language and began writing. Giving her name Hattie Stella, and at the same time gave evidence of being uncomfortable, and as she started to leave, she was seen to utter "no," when asked several questions. She was evidently an impostor. She is about 25 to 30 years old.

A pretty, but simple wedding took place in Newark last Saturday evening. The parties thereto were George Fox and Miss Nettie Farrow. Rev. Applegate performed the ceremony, which took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Masterson. All the deaf of the city attended the wedding, and Mr. Albert Horn of Zanesville. The three little tailors extend their congratulations to the "Newly Weds."

Mr. J. A. Horn was the guest of Frank Ingraham, of Newark, Sunday. The latter has been out of work for quite a while, or since the Jewett Car Works closed down. He was fortunate recently to secure employment as a bodymaker in the Wierle Stove Company, one of the largest of its kind, and employing seventeen hundred hands.

Frank Masterson is employed as a chairmaker. His wife is a writer of songs, which are copyrighted, and which she sells to any one ordering them. Her address is 211 Wilson Avenue, Newark, Ohio.

George Fox, besides getting a wife recently, has also come in possession of a fine driving horse.

C. W. Hoyt, a gardener and engineer, entertained Messrs. Horn and Ingraham last Sunday. He owns a large greenhouse and has fifteen men to help run it. He showed them through his concern. He raises in a year 30,000 cucumbers and 25,000 tomatoes. The plant covers three-fourths of a square mile and is heated by steam.

Mrs. John Miller, of Newark, is keeping house for her sister, and Miss Erle Ross, since leaving school, has been working as a domestic at home.

Mr. A. J. Horn does not feel the hard times now. He is being kept busy in his tailoring establishment making spring clothes for men.

The State School for the Blind and the State School for the Deaf will each receive about \$2,000 from the Carroll Co. estate, of which mention has been made previously in these letters. The Judge up there decided the question in their favor.

A. B. G.

DEAF-MUTE MADE LAWYER.

RALEIGH, N. C., May 14.—Roger D. O'Kelly, colored, of Raleigh, born deaf and dumb, after studying at Shaw University here, has obtained a license from the Supreme Court as an attorney.

Some weeks ago while playing Football one eye was so injured it had to be removed, and it was thought this would prevent O'Kelly from becoming a lawyer. He said he had "one good eye left and would make it anyhow."

O'Kelly graduated with high honors at Shaw and was today specially commended by United States Commissioner of Education Elmer Ellsworth Brown for his pluck.

Services in the Dioceses of Albany and Central New York.

First Sunday in the month: Morning, Troy; afternoon, Albany evening, Amsterdam.
Second Sunday: Morning, Syracuse; afternoon, Oneida; evening, Utica.

Third Sunday: Morning, Troy; afternoon, Schenectady; evening, Herkimer.
Fourth Sunday: Morning, Utica; afternoon, Rome; evening, Syracuse.

The above is the ordinary arrangement of services. Departures from this arrangement and appointments for week-day services will be announced by postal card.

H. VAN ALLEN, Missionary, 232 Grove Place, Utica, N. Y.

National Association of the Deaf.

Organized, August 22, 1880.
Incorporated, Feb. 23, 1900.

President, G. W. VEDITZ, Colo.
Secretary, W. C. RITTER, Va.
Treasurer, J. S. LONG, Ia.

Vice-Presidents,
I. W. MICHAELS, Ark. ALEX. L. PACH, N. Y.
C. C. COOMAN, Ill. Mrs. J. M. STEWART, Mich.

Executive Committee:
George Wm. Veditz, Colorado
Ex-Officio Chairman
John Walter Michaels, Arkansas
William C. Ritter, Virginia
Joseph Schuyler Long, Iowa
Thomas Francis Fox, New York
James Lewis Smith, Minnesota
N. Field Morrow, Indiana
B. Randall Allabough, Pennsylvania
E. Clayton Wyand, Maryland

Last summer I secured from the two leading candidates for President of the United States a statement of their positions in regard to the employment of the deaf in the Civil Service.

The statement of Mr. Taft appeared to me to promise most to the deaf in this matter, and therefore during the campaign I exerted whatever influence I had in his favor.

Mr. Taft was elected, but subsequently through the instrumentality of a letter written by Mr. Olof Hanson to Mr. Roosevelt, the latter was induced to issue his executive order of December 1, 1908, directing the Civil Service Commission to admit the deaf to examination for such positions as, in the opinion of the Commission, they were qualified to fill.

The Commission expressed its intention in a letter to me to be guided by the wishes of the several department heads and bureau chiefs, and accordingly I called upon representative deaf-mutes to endeavor to secure statements favorable to the deaf from the members of Mr. Taft's Cabinet as soon as the composition of the latter became known.

Through Mr. A. L. Pach, of New York, such a statement has been secured from Attorney General George W. Wickham. Favorable statements were also secured from Mr. Charles P. Grandfield, First Assistant Postmaster General, and Mr. Richard A. Ballinger, Secretary of the Interior. Mr. Franklin MacVeagh, Secretary of the Treasury, has been approached by Mr. O. H. Regensburg, of Los Angeles, and a favorable reply may be confidently expected from this quarter also.

Mindful of the President's pre-election pledge, I decided that the time was ripe to remind him of his promise.

In my letter to Mr. Taft, under date of April 26th, I said among other things:

"Now, Mr. President, can you not use your influence with the members of your Cabinet and induce them to render favorable instructions to their subordinate department chiefs, and also directly to the Commission, relative to admitting deaf-mutes to examination for such positions which experience has shown they can fill? I beg to say beforehand that a deaf-mute will not apply for a position whose duties he really can not perform."

"Mr. Wickham has already stated that he would have no prejudice against deaf applicants whatever, but other things being equal would give them the preference."

"The deaf do not ask for unearned or undeserved favors. They simply ask for a square deal, and that, having shown their fitness by passing the required examinations, they be not rejected because they happen to be deaf."

"This is the only favor I ask of you, Mr. President, that you speak favorably for the deaf to the gentlemen of your Cabinet, and I am confident that you will not refuse it. Yours very sincerely, etc."

In reply to this letter I received assurance, under date of May 1st, from Mr. Taft's secretary, that he would bring it to the President's attention.

Later I received the following communication, which will explain itself:

THE WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON, May 18, 1909.

MY DEAR SIR:—In reply to your letter of the twenty-sixth of April concerning the employment of deaf persons in the classified service of the Government, I beg to say that the President has taken the matter up with the members of the Cabinet in accordance with your request, and, by his direction, I enclose herewith copy of an order on the subject which has been issued by the Secretary of the Interior.

Very truly yours,
FRED W. CARPENTER,
Secretary to the President.
MR. GEORGE W. VEDITZ,
Colorado Springs, Col.

[COPY.]
In the consideration of lists of eligibles certified for appointment by the Civil Service Commission, it is desired that wherever possible the names of persons who from an examination of their papers appear to be deaf-mutes, whose services can be utilized to an equal advantage with those persons who may be more fortunate with respect to sense of hearing, be given favorable consideration.

In this connection your attention is invited to the Executive Order of December 1, 1908. (No. 934.)
[The Secretary of the Interior is Mr. Richard A. Ballinger.]

It will thus be seen that the deaf have been decidedly victorious in

their organized fight for their just rights and privileges.

In the first place by an executive order they have been removed from the classification with the insane, criminal, crippled and diseased, with whom the Civil Service Commission had grouped them.

In the second place, the way has been opened for the removal of the prejudice and discrimination that was formerly exercised against them by the heads of many of the several departments and bureaus of the classified service.

In the third place, they have for the first time in the history of any nation been made the subject of intervention on the part of the chief executive with the heads of the government, in order to secure for them a square deal, not merely sympathy or favor, but just a square deal, and that is all they asked for.

These notable victories have been won against a foe before whom Senators, Congressman and Governors of States acknowledge themselves powerless, and the deaf are therefore open to the warm congratulations.

As soon as possible a list of the several positions in the classified service that will be held open to the deaf will be secured and will be announced in this paper. Friends in Washington have been requested to see a number of the department chiefs personally, and every effort will be made to make the list such as to include every position which a deaf man can competently fill.

Respectfully,
G. W. VEDITZ,
President National Association of the Deaf.
COLORADO SPRINGS, COL.,
May 21, 1909.

"Free Lance" Will Take Up the Gauntlet in Favor of the Oral Method.

The JOURNAL of May 6th was very interesting in its references to the still-distant Convention of the National Association of the Deaf. Mr. Allabough's frankness about the teachers that wear Institution collars around their necks was astonishing, considering that he belongs to the "professh." To my mind, all this talk about the eligibility of candidates for President, so far in advance of the Convention, is in execrably bad taste. The right time to discuss the fitness of candidates is at the Convention itself. The discussion in the newspapers has had a tendency toward base insinuations and slurs on the character of such members as are avowed candidates. Besides, to discuss the fitness of candidates before the time comes to nominate them, seems like a direct slap at the present incumbents of the offices, which they do not deserve and ought not to have received. Gentlemen, observe all things in order and decency. Do not praise one man at the expense of another.

Speaking generally and without referring to any one in particular, it seems to me that what Mr. Allabough wants is a "Molly-coddle." Give me a man with a "spice of the Devil in him." He will make the better President. The truth is, however, that no man can tell who is a truly good and pious man, or a wicked fellow, until he is found out. Any one who has lived long enough on this mundane sphere and read the papers regularly, ought to know this. Cut out all references to the personal character of candidates at this stage of the game, or the Lord only knows how it will end.

The proposed debate on the merits of the rival methods of instruction by chosen champions, is a novelty that will enhance the usefulness and attractiveness of the next Convention. Like Job's old war-horse, I smell the battle afar off, and knowing the mettle of such redoubtable champions as Messrs. Fox and McGregor, I am ready to take up their gauntlet and meet them in fair combat on the side of the purely oral method, and will do so if I am given the opportunity. I fancy I can "give them a run for their money," thanks to my intimate knowledge of conditions among the deaf of all methods in New England. I have seen both sides of the shield, while they have seen but one. I can't say I like the rule that one must bring a written statement to the debate, because I can do so much better at making up arguments as I go along, but that is a mere detail. Who will second me in my battle for fair play to the oral method?

FREE LANCE.
St. Thomas Mission, St. Louis,
Christ Cathedral Chapel, 13 and Locust Sts.
REV. J. H. CLOUD, Minister, 2606 Virginia Avenue.
Mr. Arthur O. Steidmann, Lay Reader.

Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Sunday School at 10 A.M.
Week-day meetings at 8 P.M., on first and third Fridays and fourth Wednesday, in the Parish House.

Reading Picnic

Sixth Annual Picnic of the Reading Deaf-Mute Mission, Saturday, July 17th, at Mineral Springs. Take car marked Mineral Springs anywhere along Penn Street. Come one! Come all!

WASHINGTON, D. C.

At the meeting of the National Literary Society on the 6th inst., the literary program was as follows:

LECTURE—Mr. A. D. Bryant, "What is a Literary Society?"
TALK—By Mr. A. F. Adams on the Tariff.
DECLAMATION—Mrs. A. F. Adams, "Young Lochinvar."

Mr. Bryant's lecture was very interesting. He went back a couple centuries and explained how literary men were wont to meet and exchange ideas, and how these informal gatherings gradually developed into the modern literary and debating societies.

Mr. Adams gave a short but very instructive talk on the tariff. Mrs. Adams' rendition of "Young Lochinvar" was fine, in spite of the fact that she had little or no previous experience in public speaking. The society will not meet again until next October.

Mr. J. S. Edelen seems to be getting more than his share of hard knocks. A couple of years ago he was struck by a locomotive, and fortunately escaped without serious injury. He has been kicked by horses, run over by wagons, fallen from trees, had narrow escapes from drowning, and so on. The latest mishap occurred two or three weeks ago, when a skylight over the place where Mr. Edelen was working broke and the broken glass fell all over the printing office. A large piece just missed him, but he received a slight scalp wound from a smaller piece. Had Mr. Edelen been standing at his case, he would have probably been put out of commission, possibly permanently.

Miss C. E. Mades gave a whist social to a few of her friends on the 14th instant, at which all the guests had a pleasant time.

Over a hundred employees of the Government Printing Office were recently furloughed and some of the number will probably not be taken back. Mr. Harry Reed is said to be one of those laid off.

Mr. John C. Reckweg, of Los Angeles and New York, was a recent visitor to the city. He talked interestingly of his travels and experiences. He attended services at Trinity Church, on the 23d, and returned to New York City, on the 24th.

In our last letter, we failed to chronicle the arrival of a daughter, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Keyser, at Benning, D. C., on April 23d. This is the Keyser's second child, the first being a boy, four years old. The baby will be christened at an early date.

Mr. Isaac Benedict was baptized at Calvary Church, on May 23d, so we are informed.

Burmah is to have a Pasteur Institute.

Homorous Story Contest

PRIZES WILL BE AWARDED THE BEST AND SECOND BEST

AT THE ROOMS OF
BROOKLYN DIVISION
No. 23, N. F. S. D.

BLANEY THEATRE BUILDING
Bedford Ave. and S. 10th St.
BROOKLYN

Saturday evening, June 26, 1909

8:30 P.M.

TICKETS, - - 25c. EACH
Pay at the Door.

THIS SPACE RESERVED FOR

Whom?
What?
When?
Where?

Just Watch for Particulars.

XAVIER DEAF-MUTE CLUB.
205 West 14th Street.

Strawberry Festival
AT
CLUB HOUSE

8 TO 11

Evening June Twentieth

Games for Prizes

TICKETS, FIFTEEN CENTS

ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE
Julius Kleckers, Chairman.

TWENTIETH ANNUAL OUTING and GAMES

The League of Elect Surds

ULMER PARK, Brooklyn, N. Y.

HOW TO REACH THE PARK—Take "L" trains at Manhattan end of Brooklyn Bridge marked "Ulmer Park" on front. Or a pleasant sail for five cents from Battery to 39th Street, Brooklyn, thence via trolley direct to the Park. Several trolley routes. Only one block walk from train or trolley.

Saturday, Afternoon and Even'g, August 7, 1909

The Park will be open at one o'clock.

TICKETS, - 25 CENTS

Deaf-Mutes' Union League vs. Clark Deaf-Mute Club

At 2:30 P.M., the DEAF-MUTES' UNION LEAGUE will play a match game of base ball with the CLARK DEAF-MUTE CLUB, for a prize of \$5.00, given by the LEAGUE OF ELECT SURDS.

At 4:30 P.M. there will be ONE-MILE RELAY RACE, open only to organized Deaf-Mute Clubs or Societies. Entrance fee \$2.00 per team of four. A handsome Loving Cup will be awarded the winning team. Entries close July 24th, 1909, with Anthony Capelli, School for the Deaf, Station M, New York City.

In the early Evening there will be games for Tots, Children and Ladies, and Prizes awarded to the winners. Dancing will follow, and PROF. HILGEMAN and his musicians will be there to furnish the music.

COMMITTEE—Anthony Capelli (Chairman), Max Miller, Ed. McKarahan

PICNIC and GAMES

OF THE

New Idea Club

of Deaf-Mutes

AT ULMER PARK

Bensonhurst

Saturday Afternoon and Evening, July 3, 1909

ARRANGEMENT COMMITTEE:
John D. Buckley, Chairman
John D. Shea Charles McManus
Joseph F. Graham John C. Rilly

Prizes will be given to the winners
Marathon and Relay Races
and other games.

Music by our Favorite. Tickets, 25c.

How to reach the Park—By taking Fifth Avenue Elevated (Bath Beach train.)

SUMMER CIRCUS and Strawberry Festival

AT

ST. ANN'S CHURCH

148th Street, West of
Amsterdam Avenue

Saturday Evening, June 12th,

AT 8:30 P.M.

TICKETS, - - 25 CENTS

COMMITTEE—E. E. Elsworth, W.
W. Thomas and Fred King

COME ONE! COME ALL!
MOON OR RAIN.

Gallaudet Anniversary

Seventeenth Annual Festival

OF THE

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

and Celebration of

Rev. Dr. Gallaudet's Birthday

At St. Mark's Church

Adelphi St. near DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn

On Saturday Evening, June 5, 1909

at 7:30 o'clock

Admission - - 35 cents

(including refreshments)

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS.
William G. Gilbert, Chairman.

John Wilkinson Mrs. W. G. Gilbert
Henry L. Juhling Mrs. M. Rodriguez
Archie J. McLaren Miss J. Hicks

You will get a beautiful souvenir of Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet's Life and Song at the door.

SUBSCRIBE

FOR THE

Deaf-Mutes' Journal

ONLY

\$1 a Year.

Sixteenth Annual PICNIC and GAMES

OF THE

New Jersey Deaf-Mute Society

(Proceeds for the Death Fund)

At Fram Garden Park

COR. 16TH AVE AND 18TH ST.,

NEWARK, N. J.

Saturday, July 17, 1909
Afternoon and Evening

Music by Farrell Bros' Orchestra

Tickets, 25 Cents

How to reach the Park. Take the Plank Road Cars from Pennsylvania Railroad at Jersey City and Newark. (Rain or shine).

PICNIC

This space reserved for

OF THE

Brooklyn Division

No. 23, N. F. S. D.

AT

Washington Park

Grand St., Maspeth, L. I.

Saturday, August 28th

[Particulars later.]

SUMMER SOCIAL

under the auspices of the

The Ladies' Aid Society

of the

Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf

to be held at

1578 LEXINGTON AVENUE

Bet. 100th and 101st Sts.

Saturday, June 12, 1909

at 8:15 P.M. sharp

Admission, - - 25 cents

(including refreshments)

ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE:
Miss L. MacLair, Chairlady
Miss B. Fink Miss A. Bernhardt

Handsome Prizes awarded to winners of games.



BLICKENSERFER typewriters

are guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction. Among their special features, are: Visible

Writing, Interchangeable

Type and Perfect and Permanent Alignment. No. 5,

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BLICKENSERFER MFG. CO.

240 B'WAY, N. Y. CITY.

Factory—

STAMFORD, CT.

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NEW HOME

SEWING MACHINE

Do not be deceived by those who advertise a \$60.00 Sewing Machine for \$20.00. This kind of a machine can be bought from us or any of our dealers from \$15.00 to \$18.00.

WE MAKE A VARIETY.

THE NEW HOME IS THE BEST.

The Feed determines the strength or weakness of Sewing Machines. The Double Feed combined with other strong points makes the New Home the best Sewing Machine to buy.

Write for CIRCULARS showing the different styles of Sewing Machines we manufacture and prices before purchasing

THE NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE CO.

BRANZ, MASS.

25 Union Sq. N. Y., Chicago, Ill., Atlanta, Ga., St. Louis, Mo., Dallas, Tex., San Francisco, Cal.

204 East 59th St.,

NEW YORK, N. Y.

ALPHABET CARDS.

50 Cards, with name, 35

100 " " " 60

200 " " " 1.10

50 Cards, without name, 25

100 " " " 50

200 " " " 1.00

EXTRA FINE VISITING CARDS.

50 Cards (no alphabets), 40

100 " " " 80

Cash in advance. Stamps preferred. Stamps must be sent for reply to inquiries, or for sample.

A good hand sign talks like "big money"...

Chock full of bliss like real comb honey;

But one good word that's badly spoken

is the last straw on the back that's broken.

J. T. E.

Yes, signs are all right when properly used. They never did trouble us, did they? And spelling with the fingers is a sign, too. It is a sign that the speller knows something, and how to tell it. It makes you look wise. Some deaf persons would give the world to look that way, but they can't, because they don't use the hand alphabet enough and don't encourage their hearing friends to spell to them. It is their own fault, not the fault of signs. Bah!

If they would distribute some of our hand alphabet post-cards among their hearing acquaintances they would not only make friends but grow in wisdom and cheerfulness. That fat job would more likely fall into their laps, and their faces would brighten up a bit.

In order to give all a chance to try the experiment, WE HAVE DECIDED TO REDUCE THE PRICE OF OUR CARDS nearly 50 per cent.

For 25 cents we will send you 25 manual alphabet post cards, various in design and color.

For 35 cents we will send you 35 cards with copies of "Boah," "Mystery and Mum," which are said to be the cutest jokes ever illustrated with the manual alphabet. This offer is good only while the present edition lasts.

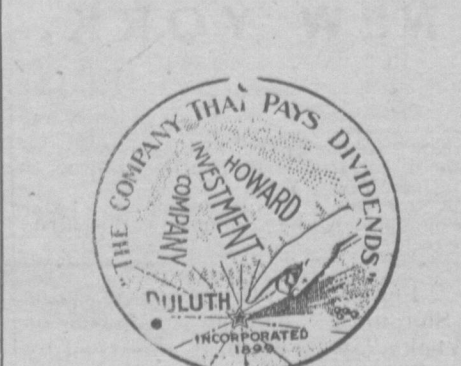
Don't miss the opportunity; get them now. "We pay the freight."

Agents wanted, the deaf sort preferred.

JEROME T. ELWELL,

844 N. 10th St.,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.



We are still here.

We continue to grow.

We are paying dividends as usual.